

THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it
will be partly cloudy, probably without rain;
westerly winds.

Governor Bushnell says that Foraker
doesn't want to knife McKinley, and
never carries a knife, either.

That bicycle brake ordinance may cause
a storm to break over the Law
Committee of the city Aldermen.

It is probably because he talks horse
so much that Mr. Croker says "Nay"
so frequently to his political friends.

The coming of Weyer is prompting
an immense emigration from Cuba. No
one feels safe, for he is to be an arbiter
of life and death.

Sensors Frye and Thurston are re-
ceiving large and peculiar varieties of
English abuse since they last twisted
the British lion's tail.

The London papers agree with us
that Dunraven's charges have been re-
futed, and his apologies have been in
order since yesterday.

Quite a little gathering of British
war ships at Jamaica. Are they going
to take possession of those Danish is-
lands recently offered to us?

John Bull hates Kaiser Wilhelm
worse than ever since that young gen-
tleman's announcement that by the
end of the century he will have a navy
to equal that of Britannia.

The veterans are making a strong
objection to the introduction of the
troley on the field of Gettysburg.
They probably think there has been
slaughter enough there already.

Between the Raines bill and the new
project of the State Commissions for
ruling them, the cities of this State
seem to be having anything but a
pleasant time thus far this year.

The police census of safes shows that
there are 27,359 safes in this city. One
would think that there were as many
burglars as that, to judge by the great
number of attacks on safes recently
recorded.

The Senate is so good to allow about
that resolution in the United States
Senate. So he is trying to suppress all
knowledge of it with the usual suc-
cess that tyrants have in such cases.

The president of a Massachusetts
bank is about to put the question of
private bonds of gold to the test. His
bank offers to put in bids for the new
bonds, along with its own bid, from
private individuals who have gold
hoards which they have never depos-
ited in banks.

There seems some probability that
Waller may be released from this
French prison. The State Department
holds back the documents in his case
from Congress so as not to offend the
susceptibilities of France. But will it
be admitted that he was sentenced on
insufficient evidence? And will he ever
get his government concession in Mad-
agascar again?

TENEMENT HOUSE REFORM.

The Legislature is wasting upon the
excise quarrel and on projects of State
interference with cities much valuable
time, which would better be devoted to
the cause of labor and plans for the
welfare of laborers. Like its prede-
cessor of 1895, it seems ill disposed to
give to the toilers the consideration to
which they are entitled. The reforms
connected with the tenement question
in this great city have been pressed
upon the Legislature's attention, yet
they are allowed to languish. That
most necessary of all reforms, the con-
demnation of the "rear tenements,"
those ill-built, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated
houses of squalor, crowding, and
"sweating" trades has been promised,
but will not be enacted at this session
unless greater diligence in considering
it is shown by the legislators.

Probably no measure could be under-
taken which would result in more di-
rect good to the metropolis than this
blotting out of all the rear tenements.
In the first place, as these houses and
the areas surrounding them are at
least one-half less valuable than the
front buildings, a vast deal of land
could be acquired at relatively small
cost. Land owners surrendering to the
city rear tenement sites would be prop-
erly paid, and at the same time would
make money by the rise in value of
their front tenements. The sweating
out of the rear dens would probably
destroy temporarily, at least one-half
of the "sweating" establishments in
the city. It would also supply eligible
sites for those persons who are willing
to construct new types of tenement
houses, more substantial and comfort-
able than those now in existence.

The President of the Health Board
has expressed his conviction that the
old tenement is a sin against humanity.
Morals and manners and hygiene suf-
fer from its promiscuity, and the in-
feriority of its plan. Who that has
made a tour of exploration among the
worst tenement houses in some of the
swarming quarters of the East Side
has not come away with a sense of

astonishment that human beings will
consent to live in such places? The
dark passage-ways, the thin brick
walls, devoid of all ornament; the lad-
der-like stairways, send a chill to the
heart. In the depth of Winter such
abodes are far less comfortable than
stables or factories. Certainly reform
is wanted in such places, if anywhere.

The Legislature is morally bound to
open the way to tenement reform,
which has been so much and so ear-
nestly discussed in the last two or three
years, by some preliminary legislation
this year. Since the exposures of the
evasion of the building laws it seems
pretty clear that many of the more
modern and "improved" of existing
side tenements are mere shams,
liable to fall without even a moment's
notice, carrying to death and ruin hun-
dreds of human beings. This evil
should be the subject of an immediate
investigation by a legislative commit-
tee, and every house found wanting in
any of the necessary safeguards should
be condemned. As the beginning of a
genuine tenement reform, the besom of
destruction should fall upon all rear
tenements, and upon front ones, too,
when anything is lacking in them.

The trial of "Dr. Jim" in England
will interest people high in station in
that realm. Not only does the Queen
take a deep interest in South African
affairs, but she had at one time, ac-
cording to a London periodical, a large
financial stake in the success of the
Chartered Company. So did the Prince
of Wales, but they are both reported to
have relinquished all their interest in
the shares. The Duke of Fife, how-
ever, is still one of the leading spirits
of the enterprise.

DISAPPOINTED CHICAGO.

It is not very long since Chicago an-
nounced that she had organized and
perfected a system of municipal re-
form which was to render her hence-
forth secure against the attacks of
"bosses," and proof against the insin-
uations of boodlers. Long accounts
of the manner in which this great tri-
umph was obtained were cabled East,
and the striving citizens of poor New
York, struggling between two bosses of
extraordinary ability and persistence,
were supposed to look on with envy at
the achievements of the Windy City.

A year has not yet elapsed, and how
fairs Chicago now? Does she still wear
a crown for her successful success in her-
dramatizing the worst elements in her
politics? Have her civic federation
leagues, reform clubs, and committees
of public safety kept the boodler and
the boss at a safe distance? No; in-
stead of exulting over victory, they are
sorrowing in defeat.

The City Council has just performed
an act characterized as a "most glaring
piece of legislative rascality." A
general electric street railway com-
pany having secured consent of prop-
erty owners to the construction of
lines through certain streets, on condi-
tion that no overhead wires be used,
the City Council has permitted the
overhead wires, by so large a vote
that the Mayor's veto doesn't count; it
has authorized the line to use a great
many streets where the consent of
property owners had not been given;
and it has given the company a fran-
chise worth millions, for which the city
gets nothing. This could not be better
done in Brooklyn, under a trolley
regime, and it smacks of corruption
rather than reform. Evidently Chicago
must begin all over again. She has
already named her new Committee of
One Hundred.

Senator Hill was not successful in his
effort to postpone the vote on the free
silver substitute for the House Bond
bill until after the opening of the bids
for the new bond issue next Wednes-
day. He was finally prevailed upon to
take a vote Saturday afternoon, as an
act of courtesy to Senator Jones,
who was anxious to leave Washington
on private business. The result is that
free coinage wins in the Senate—42 to
36—despite striking speeches against
it by Senator McCall and others. The
struggle will now be transferred to the
House. A free coinage amendment to
the Dingley revenue measure is said to
be expected.

A SERMON ON WATER.

By preaching a sermon on water the
Rev. John L. Scudder, of the Jersey
City Tabernacle, set an example that
every minister in the land should con-
sider. Church attendants have for
years been hearing learned discourses
on the evils of rum, the terrors of
whiskey, the allurements of sparkling
wine, and the awful results of blowing
the foam from beer; but sermons on
water are as rare as instances of total
abstinence in Hoboken. In fact, the
only reference that dominates usually
make to nature's unadulterated beverage
is to speak of it figuratively as a
specimen of purity.

Dr. Scudder's discourse was not on
this line. He devoted his remarks to a
discussion of Jersey City water, and to
speculation as to whether it is in good
taste to mix the muddy product of the
Passaic with what is left over from
Newark's supply. It was Dr. Scud-
der's opinion that mixed drinks in
water should not become popular, and
he accordingly gave notice that the
Jersey City Tabernacle will keep up
the fight for good water until it is ob-
tained.

This was talk that had the right
ring in it. Just as cleanliness is next
to godliness, so is good water neces-
sary to promote temperance. Under
present conditions in Jersey City the
close of saloons on Sundays would

depopulate the town. Before the
churches even start such a move
they should first unite in a crusade
for an aqueous supply that is at least
not so deise as to defy the penetrating
rays of Professor Rontgen's new pho-
tography.

How very peppery everybody was at
the hearing about Greater New York
yesterday! Cap'n Lexow was nettled
at the least little thing, and one or two
of the gentlemen who gave testimony
were unusually warm in their lan-
guage. And it turns out that there
was only one lone, lorn petitioner for
a rehearing in Gotham.

LORD SALISBURY'S SPEECH.

There is nothing in Lord Salisbury's
latest speech which gives an encour-
aging view of the situation. Com-
pelled by the utterances of so distin-
guished a man as John Morley in favor
of arbitration of the Venezuela difficulty
to say something about the dispute
with the United States, he mutters that
he recognizes the Monroe Doctrine in
"just the sense that President Monroe
understood it." He probably means to
imply that the Doctrine has no applica-
tion to the disputes of to-day; and on
that erroneous supposition will build a
whole policy of opposition to American
interests which will not be without
danger for his Ministry and for Eng-
land.

Salisbury talks like one in a dream.
He has received a severe shock, and
has not yet recovered from it. His
troubled and infelicitous phrases about
the role of Great Britain in the East,
and her almost incredible neglect of
the Armenians, have produced a very
bad impression. The London Chroni-
cle attacks him violently for them;
other papers are mildly satirical, be-
cause he appears to be groping, rather
than proceeding resolutely upon his
way.

The strong revulsion of public opin-
ion in England as to his treatment of
the American and Armenian questions
may finally result in the advent of a
Liberal Ministry. In which case Mr.
Joseph Chamberlain would be com-
pelled sadly to contemplate the wreck
of his "Imperial Federation" policy,
and might quite over the well-known
words: "Now that I so soon am done
for, I wonder what I was begun for."

Now that the House Committee on
Foreign Affairs has adopted a resolu-
tion censuring Ambassador Bayard for
his singular speeches at Boston, Eng-
land, and at Edinburgh, will he come
home?

A QUESTION OF SEEDS.

Secretary Morton, who presides over
the destinies of the National Depart-
ment of Agriculture, has an enthusi-
astic defender in Senator George, of
Mississippi, who resembles Brer Till-
man a little in the effusive and irregu-
lar style of his oratory, if not in the
character of his sentiments. Senator
George turned himself loose, two or
three days ago, on those of his col-
leagues who accused the Secretary of
not purchasing seeds for distribution,
and who seemed to think it a subject
for reproach that he was inclined to
economize the money of the nation.

He declaimed with passion against
the uselessness of buying, to send to
the farmers on the wild Western prair-
ies, "Paris giant pansy" seed at \$25 a
pound, or "double-petaled morning
glory" seed at twice that sum. He
scolded at the folly of wishing the Gov-
ernment to supply "Chinese primrose"
seed at \$60 a pound, or "chabouk car-
nations" at \$128. He roared with scorn
at the idea of dispersing petunia seed
at \$65 a peck, and so bombarded the
Senators with seed lore and the price
of seed that they took inward vows
not to attack the Secretary again.
Luckily for the general peace, he made
no references to certain Congressmen
alleged to have received seeds for dis-
tribution to their constituents, and
then to have sold them for their own
profit. But his exonerations of the Sec-
retary was as complete as picturesque.

President Krueger meets the issue
squarely. He says the franchise can-
not be given to all newcomers. They
number thousands, and would soon out-
vote the Boers. He arrogates to him-
self the right to say who shall vote.
This will make the Elders more
discontented than ever.

When Justice Gaynor objected to the
term "star witness," on the ground that
it was slang, he evidently did not take
into consideration the many theatrical
people who appear on the stand in
court to give testimony relative to di-
vorce cases. Surely he would not ob-
ject to calling them star witnesses.

Ex-Governor Flower pointed out one of
the most important reasons for Consoli-
dation, at the hearing, yesterday, when
he said that it would mean "cheaper
terminal facilities and a greater vol-
ume of business." No doubt Union
would stimulate the cities to improve
facilities for receiving and forwarding
merchandise; and the multiplication of
bridges which is certain to come as
soon as the composite city is estab-
lished would lessen the price of many
commodities in Brooklyn.

The effort to encourage the enlist-
ment of young men of American birth
in the United States Navy is worthy
of all praise. Congressman Low's bill
for that purpose ought to pass. There
are thousands upon thousands of hardy
folk along the line of our seacoasts
who will be glad to avail themselves
of the opportunity to serve under the
flag, if there is any chance for a career.
At present we have about as varie-
gated a collection of nationalities on
our fighting ships as it is possible to
find beneath the canopy of Heaven.

Looking Backward.

Jerry Simpson.

Despite his nom de guerre of "Socksless,"
Simpson probably domed and damaged as
many socks as any gentleman of his age.
The socksless story was a serene and limpid
fable, flowing first from the pen of one
Halpin Tinsley, then of Kansas, now of
Chicago.

General Impression exists that Simpson
is a poor and poverty-bitten man. Never
a greater mistake, Simpson was and is one
of the richest men of Kansas. His herds
feed on a thousand hills, and he has a fee
simple title to the hills.

When Jerry came to Washington there
was a shock of surprise. They saw a quiet,
well-ordered individual, with a thin, nerv-
ous, sensitive face, genial gray eyes and
a pair of gold-bowed glasses of the sort
which suggest benevolence. Jerry and Jerry
seemed to know his way about the world,
too, and didn't need courier, guide or
chaperon. Altogether there were many
matters about him that refuted the im-
pression which had preceded his advent.

"Jerry Simpson," declared Tom Murray,
chief, raconteur and newspaper man, just
then keeper of the House restaurant, "Jerry
Simpson, of all the men in the House
of Representatives, knows best how to
order and eat a dinner. I've watched him
eat. You can't tell me! A man who eats
as well and faithfully as Jerry is bound to
be right."

"Eating has vastly to do with law pass-
ing," continued Murray. "I've kept every
order for lunch and dinner these statesmen
have given day by day, and I can take the
Congressional Record and show you their
votes, and you will see at once they were
wild or tame as they put this or that food
in their stomachs. Now, there's Butler, of
Iowa. That man used to come down to the
House in his funeral way, with a diet-beef
sandwich stowed away in the stern sheets
of his cutaway coat. Butler would sit
about for five hours, and then go into the
cloak room and eat this sandwich with a
glass of ice water. After keeping this up
four weeks, what did Butler do? Got up
one afternoon and offered a resolution de-
manding a spiral flag for an every body
building, the same to be tall. The man
and a three-leafed clover tail. The man
was crazy, made so by ice water and dried
beef sandwiches. A man who feeds himself
by the sagacity of Simpson wouldn't do
that."

This Butler of whom Murray speaks has
since been adjudged insane, and put in an
asylum; but that does not detract from
the justice offered to Simpson.

There was no more popular man in the
House than Simpson, none better liked, and
sure of an audience when he talked. His
popularity was often shown. One day, when
Simpson had been sick, he bobbed into
the House the first time in several weeks.
Reed was talking. The big Maine man
passed as he saw Jerry limping down the
aisle, and the House, glimpsing the Popu-
list leader at the same time, broke into
volleys of applause. It was a great recep-
tion.

Simpson was a native of Halifax, and
before going to Kansas faced fate as a fresh-
water sailor—a captain on the lakes—for
twenty years. He carried West a great
reputation as a rough-and-tumble scrapper,
and was made marshal of Medicine Lodge.
Jerry was a most respectable official, and
whipped every ruffian in Medicine Lodge
as fast as he developed. He never lost a
fight, and was widely loved.

When Jerry took his seat the other mem-
bers were inclined to regard him as a fash-
ion of clown. He quickly broke them of
that habit. House men soon learned that
they must be careful where they took hold
of Jerry, and how they picked him up.
They couldn't stroll up to his cage and
gripe around and pull Jerry out by the fore-
leg, or the ear, or the side of the face. Two
or three who essayed something of this sort
got sadly mangled.

Payne, of New York—he who thinks that
Reed should have made him chief of Ways
and Means—was making a tariff speech.
Jerry asked him a question he couldn't an-
swer—no great feat, by the way. Payne,
however, was cut by the question, and made
a retort at once evasive and patronizing.

"If I were inclined to be rude, Mr. Speak-
er," said Payne, "I'd answer the gen-
tleman's very foolish query by asking him if
his ancestors were monkeys."

"In which event," replied Jerry, survey-
ing Payne with calm phlegm, "I should re-
ply as did the older Dumas, when a Brecon
fool asked him the same question. I should
tell you 'Yes. Your family ends where
mine began.'"

Jerry had a tilt with Snodgrass, of Ten-
nessee. Snodgrass was one of the dulan-
ders of the House. He replied to Jerry
at painful length, and coming to the close
he said:

"And Jerry, Mr. Speaker, this gen-
tleman from Kansas, without using that
term exactly but practically the same, has
charged me with being a fool. I."

"(Here) came Crisp's gavel. "The time
of the gentleman from Tennessee has ex-
pired," said Crisp.

"I move the gentleman's time be ex-
tended ten minutes," Mr. Speaker," said
Jerry, "and he'll prove what I charge."

This may illustrate the quick humor of
Jerry. He was being urged to offer a resolu-
tion to name a commission to meet
with a similar body from England and
consider how to put a price on Canada, and
other British possessions in America and buy them
as we did Canada.

"I've no hesitation about offering the
resolution," said Jerry with a laugh, "but
when I do I know what they'll say."
"Here," continued Jerry, "I would like to
ask you, 'Why?' said Jerry, 'I was born in Nova
Scotia, and as soon as I offer the resolu-
tion a howl will go up. See that d—d
fool. He's trying to buy his birthplace
and make it American ground, so as to
avoid under the conditions of the foreign
born folks running for the Presi-
dency.' They'll say 'I'm after the White
House.'"

Jerry had but one feud to grow out
of his four years in Congress. That was
with Clover, a Populist from his own
State. The bug of his vendetta still
waves.

Clover was a thick, slug-like Populist, and
one of the big fellows in the House. He
fell asleep on a sofa and snored through a
die on silver. Crisp had to cast his
vote from the back of the next evening.
Proceeding to save silver from destruction.
The story reached Kansas, and Clover
went back to the next day. He told his
wife as the result. He told his troubles
to Simpson, who had nothing to do with
them.

Forward Clover's wife got a divorce
from him on the grounds of extreme
enjoyment. There used to be a widow about
the back of the neck of the next evening.
widows—was known to Populist cir-
cles as "The Widow with the Red Shoes."
She was the cause of Clover being made
suddenly single by divorce. She moved
and made hay of Clover, and when Mrs.
C. following immemorial usage in that be-
half, capered into court with her wrongs.
Clover attributed that to Jerry also. As a
fact, Jerry never laid a straw in his way.
This last, however, didn't prevent Clover
from assailing Simpson on every possible
occasion, and that was the end of the
fact that thousands of Jerry's constituents
left Kansas for Oklahoma when the Cher-
okee Star was once again concerned in the
last election to leave the sage and kindly
Populist at home. To-day he drives his
team a-field, and his voice is heard in the
forum.

Conclusive Reasons Why Women Should Vote.

"I've been trying to find a suitable sub-
ject for discussion to-day," said the pre-
sident of the Tea Cup Club, "and I have
decided upon 'Woman's Right to the Bal-
lot.'"

"But we don't want to vote," said
the girl with the Roman nose.

"That has nothing to do with the ques-
tion," returned the president, with dig-
nity; "none of us wanted these big sleeves
to come in, and yet we are all wearing
them. No, it is merely the elemental
question of—"

"And I'm sure I didn't want these wide
skirts to become the vogue," sighed the
girl with the dimple in her chin; "one
needs as many arms as an octopus to
manage them on a muddy day."
"Most true," sighed the girl with the
eyeglasses, "and yet the only alternative
seems to be bloomers—a great deal too
much, or a great deal too little; and I
don't see what good the right to vote can
do us."

"Pshaw!" said the president. "I do.
Now, if I had the right to vote, I could
always get money out of Tom by threat-
ening to vote for somebody or something
if he didn't give it to me."

"Goodness, how clever," said the brown-
eyed blonde. "Now, the abstract side of
a question like that always hurts my
head."

"Better study it more," said the presi-
dent solemnly. "Why, Tom says that I
often ask him questions on politics that
President Cleveland himself couldn't an-
swer. I get a lot of pretty things out of
it, too, one way and another," she added
meditatively.

"I'm sure you deserve it all," sighed the
girl with the classic profile. "As for me,
I sometimes fear that my brains are dis-
placed from too much dancing. Why, I
forget all I have learned here before I
have gone a block—not one thing can I
recall about our discussions save the
topic."

"I'm sure you do your share, anyhow,"
said the girl with the eyeglasses; "in-
deed, sometimes when I am waiting for
my turn to talk it seems to me that you
do more than your share."

"The girl with the dimple in her chin
sighed. "Oh, dear," she said, "I wonder
why a man always thinks that another
man who pays attention to his sister
must be an idiot."

"Him!" said the brown-eyed blonde.
"Sometimes it is a case of knowing the
sister."

"Nothing of the kind," said the girl
with the classic profile; "he knows that
every man likes to overcome obstacles,
and that when the way of courtship is
made too smooth by a girl's family it
seldom leads to the altar."

"There may be something in that," said
the girl with the dimple in her chin.
"Still, it never seemed to me that my
own brother was a philanthropist."

"It is a good thing to have a lover who
has been at college with your elder brother,"
said the girl with the classic pro-



WHO'S IT?

Harrison, Morton, Reed, McKimley, Allison, Alger, Davis, Sherman.

file. "Ned has not said one word against
the Jack since I casually mentioned to him
that he seemed to know just why his
eyes gave out so suddenly two months
before graduation day."

"I should think not," said the girl with
the Roman nose. "By the way, you all
remember when my brother Dick for-
gotten Nelson to come to our house, don't
you?"

"I think I do," said the girl with the
eyeglasses. "I can sympathize, too; I—"
"Yes, Well, about a month after that
mamma went away on a trip and left
Aunt Dick said he had to go over to Brook-
lyn and would not be back until mid-
night. Aunt Bess was awfully afraid of
burglars and she seemed so pleased when
Nelson accidentally came in."

"But," said the girl with the eyeglasses,
"I thought—"
"Oh, I introduced him as Mr. Smith,
dear. She had never seen him before.
Well, about half-past 10, just as I had
told him he had better go, Aunt Bess
rushed in, saying that there was some
one in the library. Nelson was so brave!
He crept to the library door, looked in,
then went out and came back with a
big policeman!"

"And that, of course, made it all right
with your family. How nice!"

"Well, no, dear. The burglar was Dick,
who had let himself in softly and slipped
into the library to listen and find out if
it was Nelson in the parlor!"

"How awful!" said the president. "You
know that Aunt Bess has been forbidden by
her brother to speak to Frank. I invited
them both to dinner the other evening.
Oh, it was awful!"

"But you needn't have stayed in the
room after—"
"It wasn't that. Tom didn't know, and
brought her brother up to take pot luck!
Well, as we are agreed that woman should
have the ballot, we may as well ad-
just."

"She Wrote Scrum."
(Chicago Tribune.)

New York City may be thinking of it as
an approaching marriage, but Miss Brooklyn
is preparing a formidable abduction, and
will scream accordingly.

Who Will Be It? Yet Undecided.

Even if Dayenport's cartoon "Who's It?"
should fail to settle the question as to the
Republican nominee for the Presidency,
the letters that are being received on the
subject will form a valuable addition to
the folk lore of the country. The Journal
has already published nearly a score of
the variations throughout the United
States of the children's game, "Eeny,
meeny, miney, mo," and new versions are
coming in daily.

Perhaps It Will Be Alger.

Editor Journal:—In all the versions of the old rhyme
to find out who is "it," in Dayenport's cartoon, I
have not seen this one:
Eeny, meeny, miney, mo;
Cracker, cracker, cracker, too;
Tare, ware, frown, wack;
Who lines are used but once.

Giving each one a word, not a syllable, and
miming them over bar once, and Allison is "it."
The rhyme was repeated but once, one word
given to each one in the game, the master of
ceremonies naming himself last.

There's another rhyme that I found in use
among children who were descendants of what
we know as "Pennsylvania Dutch" in North-
western Ohio. It ran this way:
Woeny, yoeny, eckory, Anne;
Phillips, Buckley, Nicholas, John;
Queezy, quazy, Indian Mary;
Sicklem, Sacklam, Duck.

The rhyme was repeated but once, one word
given to each one in the game, the master of
ceremonies naming himself last. Whoever got
the last word, "Duck," was "it."

In this, Platt naming himself last in the first
round, Alger is "it." This rhyme is said to be very ancient and
to have had a highly creditable start in life.
M. H. BATES,
No. 37 Manhattan avenue, New York, Jan. 31,
1896.

Score One More for Morton.

Editor Journal:—
Dear Sir:—Mr. Platt, in being the monitor to
determine who is "it," has taken the old New
York and Pennsylvania way of fixing it, as fol-
lows:
Eeny, meeny, miney, mo;
Butter, lather, boy, sky;
Hair, hit, foot, sit;
One, two, three—you are it.

Coming in the usual way, this makes Morton